Boston, Sept. 16, 1852.

My Dear Friend:

In being at your "rescue" anniversary on the 1st of October, I was hoping to be able to "kill two stones with one bird," (as some one has said, in Ireland or out of it,) — i.e. to make it incidental to my visit to Pennsylvania, to attend the annual meeting of the State A. S. Society; but as that meeting has been postponed from the first week in October to the last, I shall not be able to carry that plan into effect. I am hesitating, therefore, whether to be with you on the 1st. My presence, with the amount of talent you will not fail to have present on the occasion, can certainly be of no special value; and as the distance and the expense are both considerable, (the latter being the most weighty consideration,) my conclusion is, that I had better send a letter to be read ~~at the occasion~~ to the meeting, and abandon the idea of being on the ground bodily. I am always pecuniarily straitened, (you know how to sympathize with me,) and at the present time a little more so than usual, and therefore do not feel able to meet the expense of such a journey; nor could I feel reconciled to taxing any of the friends of the cause in your region, as my visit would assuredly "not pay." Allow me, dear friend, to do what Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips will do — send you an epistle as a substitute for a speech. The former will cost only three cents — the latter probably not less than sixteen dollars, besides a week's absence from home. If I could spend any time lecturing in your State in other places, it would alter the case; but I cannot.

My spirit is exulting in view of the successful proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention in your city. This is the fifth or sixth conventical experiment on the part of the women of this country to plead their own cause, and vindicate their inalienable rights. In every instance, the result has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations. They have conducted their meetings with a dignity, a propriety, and an amount of talent, seldom equalled by the other sex. The effect upon the public mind has been very striking. The press generally has behaved remarkably well, and treated the effort respectfully, in many instances cordially. What a change, my dear friend, has been wrought since 1840, when the American Anti-Slavery Society was rent asunder, on the sole ground (at least ostensibly) that it was an intolerable outrage, and shockingly unscriptural, to place a woman on one of its committees! There is the orthodox General Association of Massachusetts, which was once so prompt to issue its bull against the Grimkes, for publicly pleading "the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction"? Even the New York Observer and Puritan Recorder are dumb! And all this in view of the fact, that the women are claiming entire equality of rights with men — the right to be ministers, lawyers, doctors, and even legislators! Really, the age is "progressive" — and, beyond all cavil, "the world moves."

Speaking of the Grimkes, Angelina (with her children) and Sarah are now spending a few weeks at the pleasant residence of Samuel Philbrick in Brookline. The latter I have seen, but Angelina was too unwell the day I called to leave her room. She is suffering from the fever and ague. They both wear the Bloomer costume. Theodore is at home on his farm.

I see that the seceding portion of the Liberty Party, with William Goodell at its head, adjourned their meeting to assemble again at Syracuse on the "Jerry" anniversary; probably to take advantage of the gathering of the friends of the slave on that occasion. It seems to me this ought not to have been done. That day ought to be unitedly and entirely consecrated to the one great purpose contemplated by your arrangements.

By the way, the nomination of Goodell for the Presidency of the United States, by less than a baker's dozen, and without a supporter in any State except New York, and scarcely one in that, is one of the most comical incidents of the age — "a farce in one act," unequalled for its simplicity and folly. Pray, where is Goodell's common sense? where his self-respect? where his respect for the popular intelligence? The weakness, the egotism, the presumption, manifested by such a course, are equally ludicrous and astounding. O, politics! "O, trumpery! O, Moses!"

Our friend Gerrit Smith is still "as green as grass," politically. It is laughable to read the resolutions presented by him at Canastota, especially where he holds out the lure (!) to the "Free Democratic party," that they will secure his vote, and those of his score of political followers, if they will only make their platform conform to that of the Liberty Party! My gravity is utterly routed by the gravity which he assumes in waiting to learn whether Hale and Julian will adopt his theory of government, before making up his mind for whom to vote! "Oho! jam satis!"

Helen sends her loving remembrances to you all. Mine are included, of course.

Yours, everlastingly, Wm Lloyd Garrison.

1852

Rev. Samuel J. May,

Syracuse,

N.Y.

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